

Ministered. May 12th 1879.

My dear friend.

I send herewith the second of that series of three stories I meant to write on the old ditty, and have been so hindered about. Send it back please, as soon as may-be, if you don't want it, so I can use it elsewhere, for I am now beginning to work with new impulse, and desire to scratch together all the dollars possible, for - only think! - we have bought a house! Not this old and shackling manney; yet we are so far true to our record of not inhabiting common-place newness, that we have lived since we were married in an Opera-house a manney, and now are about to take up our abode in an old mouse: just as sunny, more roomy, and much cheaper

than this house, and having a good garden outside and great square beams within: beside open fireplaces all over it. The next thing is to pay for it: but you don't know how the prospect of a place of my very own encourages me. Why does one cling so to a bit of the earth they must leave before long? I have all my life been so tossed to and fro in the world of the world that I ought to be used to it: yet I long for a fixed home as much as if I were just beginning my life. When we get into our new (!) house I shall expect you and Mrs Wright to "hausel" it: and make me a good long visit, for there I shall have room enough to make you comfortable. I am glad you liked the arbutus. I sent Mrs Bullard a bag the next week, but fear it did not reach her, as I received no ack.nowledgment. (how funny that word is, divided that fashion!) But ma'am, I

did not send you any Easter egg: our
hens do not celebrate times and seasons:
they are Puritanic hens, and do their duty,
but despise gimcracks. I wish I had sent
it if you liked it. I know who did send me
a lovely Easter card, and thank them for
it heartily. It is so good to be thought
of by friends. I am almost well now,
though the weather seems to have a spite
against me, and pains & aches do not
"forake any day" as the hymn book says, nor
do I get "stung": but I am so fat! Did
one ever see such a Spring? Recreation
Day will come to grief, for there will be
no flowers till the Fourth of July at present
rates of progress: leaves are just suggesting
themselves on the earliest trees, and the air
is such as causes people to say "what a
pleasant winter we are having." My poor
husband is undergoing this annual expatriation
of his malaria which comes on at this season
as regularly as house-cleaning. The only comfort
I can take is that his is better than this time last

year, which is a comfort. Lissy is very
well, and as gay as a lark. I find now
the time is come to tinker at her moral
nature since her physical is established, so I
have begun to teach her the assembly's
catechism. I don't believe you know what
that is; you're not orthodox enough: but
I can tell you it is a pretty tough compendium
of theology. If she were morbid or speculative
I would not do it, but she needs moral backbone.
Dear me! I do wish I had you both out in
this fresh country. If it is cold it is sweet
and cozy vernal; just at that exquisite
girlish time that is neither hot nor blossom
yet, but full of odorous promise, and
persuasive winds and sunshine - gently
persuasive I must own, as yet! Rollin and
his love to you as I do mine. Tell Mrs
Wright when you give it her that I am
so sorry she is ill. I know all the ins
and outs of that business, and do not
advise them. Goodbye. His very lovingly
Doe G. B.